

FACTS AND FANCIES FOR WOMAN AND THE HOME CIRCLE

ROMANCES of a SUMMER GIRL

By ZOE BECKLEY
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(Dorothy, aged 26, is spending the summer at Lively Beach, having staked her job and \$500 savings on the chance of winning a suitable husband during the summer. These are her letters home to Joan, her chum.)

It is a triumph Joan! I can see your darling prim lips draw down into a straight line your soft eyes grow hard and your lovely brow corrugate disapprovingly as you read. But, friend of my heart, take off the brakes for once and try to let yourself go. Understand me, for I am only a typical girl. Loving is a woman's first nature. We all go about with our little divining rods, saying, "Is this the man for me? Is this the one? Oh, where is he?" And when ever a man attracts us in one of the three great ways, personally, mentally, spiritually, we rush to learn whether or not he responds. For it is woman, and not man, whose chief business is Love and the perpetuation of Life.

Capt. Wallis committed the crime of failing to follow up at the psychological moment his advantage! He permitted himself the luxury of rest. He found me from the very start only too willing to BE A REST to him. He was fresh home from the war. I, too, in my way, was a warrior. I had struggled with the world for five hard, weary years, Joan. And without the pomp and glory and acclaim of war. So that I understood him. And gave him what he most needed—yet with the coating of feminine lure. I offered him rest. The others challenged him to further conquest.

He doesn't know women well. Else he would know when NOT to take things for granted. A man must ever keep up at least the appearance of pursuit.

I wrote you how we returned from the tramp to Sunset Point and he, dashed and puzzled at my sudden coolness, determined to leave Lively Beach. In saying good-bye he used the word "dear." I suppose there never was a woman since Grandmother Eve who had not thrilled to the core of her heart the first time a man used that little word. When Eric Wallis said it, Joan, in that crazy hotel corridor, it shot through me like a galvanic current. It took all I could do to seem calm.

Still, for all that Eric Wallis had not gone far enough to make parting a tragedy. It is the little things, Joan mine, that make love-slaves of us women—the things that are recorded day by day, week by week, month by month until gradually and imperceptibly they form strong chains we have neither strength nor wish to break. It takes time for real love to grow.

And so I did a naughty thing. I



flung a kind glance to a young man by the name of Jim Ross, who has been hovering for days in the offing, waiting a chance to enter the harbor of my smiles. He is one of those neutral creatures who take value from the fact of whether they care for you or not. You know don't you, Joan—

—that many a man has looked uninteresting to a girl until she finds he cares for her? From that moment she reads into him a thousand virtues.

I cannot say whether Jim Ross is such a man. But I do know he made a more responsive vis-a-vis that evening than Capt. Wallis ever did.

MIDNIGHT POSTSCRIPT.

Oh, Joan dearest—HE HAS GONE! Mr. Ross and I were on the south piazza when the last train bus went down. And Eric Wallis was in it. Listen, Joan, it is not that I am in love with him, no matter how sure you are that I am. But there was that about him so remote, so dignified, so reserved and strong and respectable, that I feel something tremendously worth while has gone from me. I pleaded headache and left poor Ross. Your worried

DOLLY.

The Final Days--The Last Offerings of the

Osgood's
for
Quality

July Clearing Sales

Osgood's
for
Quality

In Some Instances Bringing Forth Most Tempting Bargains of the Season

Millinery Clearaway

The final offerings of Summer Millinery embrace some of the handsomest and exclusive Hats to be found anywhere. Value has been completely ignored and prices generally are marked one-half lower than regular.

HATS AT

95c

Values to \$7.50

\$1.95

Values to \$10.00

\$2.95

Values to \$15.00

Waist Clearance

Voile and Organdie Waists in neat, serviceable models; well trimmed and excellently made. Worth up to \$1.50 and \$1.75.

95c

Fine Cotton Blouses and some odds and ends in Silks; all good quality and regularly worth upwards to \$3.00.

\$1.95

Waists in fine grades of Voiles and Organdies, and in Jap Silk and Georgette; many patterned after the highest priced models. Formerly sold up to \$4.00.

\$2.50

Silk Hose

The remainder of our original sale offering of 432 pairs of good light weight silk hose are included for final clearance. In Gray, Brown, White and Black and well worth the former prices of \$1.25 to \$2.00

WHILE THEY LAST

95c



Final Disposal of Wraps, Coats, Suits and Frocks

Everything of a seasonable character is included in these last moments of the most interesting sale we ever have held. Many of the bargains are of such excellence we can but urge again the consideration of our patrons before the stocks are exhausted.

Capes and Dolmans \$22.50

Formerly Sold at \$34.75 and \$49.50

A FEW GOOD COATS AT \$9.95
Worth Upwards to \$29.75

ALL SUITS 1 OR
NOW PRICED 2 LESS

Representing the Last of Our Fine Summer Stocks

ONE RACK OF DRESSES

A decidedly tempting lot of Dresses in Serges, Satins, Silks, Wool Jerseys and a few light, Summery materials. The styles are excellent

\$9.95

Values Range Upwards to \$29.75

EVERY SUMMER DRESS IS NOW GREATLY REDUCED

Summer Skirts in Summer Colors

Beautiful models in white, flesh and tea rose Georgette, Faille Silk, Baronet Satin and other fine materials—the richest Skirts offered this season. Also our excellent White Wash Skirts

All 1-4 Off

Silk and Serge Skirts

In good Silks and Serges; plaid striped, checked and plain patterns; regular \$7.50 values.

at \$3.95

Girl's and Misses' Skirts

In plaid Serge of good quality; pleated styles; and medium to small sizes only. Worth \$5.00.

\$2.50

Wash Skirts at \$1.95

This is an especially attractive bargain in smart, serviceable Skirts made of Twills and Gardine. Regular \$3.50 values

Sweaters

Numbered among the attractions of this Annual Clearance you will find a beautiful line of Sweaters in Silks and Wool. All the popular styles and colors are shown and while they last they are decided bargains.

All 1-4 Off

Children's Hats

A few of the good Straw Hats that have been selling so fast are left in our sale stocks. Attractive shapes and colors for little girls and boys. Values run up to \$5.00.

95c

Confessions of a Bride

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Certeis Gets His Pearls—Almost—Then Is Menaced With Exposure.

From the deep recess of the hooded chair, I watched Certeis saunter slowly down to the water. The man in the motor-boat rose to his feet. It was Jo Bach!

"Now just what does this mean?" I asked myself.

"I guess I would better find out." And I pulled a steamer rug up to my neck, and prayed that I would not succumb.

"Hurry, you fool!" growled Hamilton Certeis. He stood with one foot on the motor boat, and snapped the ash from his cigar, posing as if he had stopped casually to inquire about the engine trouble.

"I can't stand here forever," he went on in the superior imperative tone he always uses to those whom he regards as his inferiors. "Speak, man! Have you got them?"

"Sure, I have," was Bach's quick reply. I noticed that he omitted the usual "sir" and I thought Certeis must be awfully irritated by the man's impudence.

"Hand them over—quick!" ordered Certeis.

"Nothing doing!" replied Bach with insolent composure. "Not without I get another ten thousand dollars!"

"The devil! I've paid you once for this job!"

"You have. But I've decided I'll take another check. That plot of yours—"

Certeis held up a forbidding palm. "Damn you!" he exclaimed. Then he controlled his temper and spoke calmly. "Just so. Then you ought to know it's dangerous business for me to make a check on my New York funds at present."

"Cash will do, all right," Bach replied. "Since you haven't got the sum in your pants, I'll come around for it at dusk—tomorrow. No cash—no pearls. You understand? And no bride!" With which insolence, he pushed off his boat and jumped in.

A genuine German invective floated to the house. Bach's craft was in the line of craft off shore. I popped out of my stuffy beach chair into the cool sand where the wind could blow over me—and restore my reason. To neither of those two men was my life worth a penny. I rejoiced to find that I hadn't been discovered by them. Much relieved to be alone with the sea and the stars, I thought over what I had heard.

"Bach could sell those stones for many times ten thousand dollars," I thought. "And I can't understand why he doesn't go off with them and do it. No trouble at all for him to get away—no nobody on that tug had the least idea what was in the tube—nor that it had been looted."

But of course the papers next morn-

ing had corking stories of the U-boat which the divers had discovered at the city's front door, and pathetic accounts of the woman's diver's death. The U-boat would be raised, and exhibited, etc., etc.

That the craft still held a magnificent treasure of Hohenzollern diamonds nobody suspected. The few who knew the fact were not betraying it. All day small craft made excursions to the point where the U-boat was supposed to be. But even though divers should investigate its interior, they weren't likely to meddle with the torpedo shells immediately.

Nevertheless, I saw Hamilton Certeis walk the beach for half the day. He had reason to worry. Tiny couldn't help him get up the Hohenzollern stones.

"Why doesn't Certeis go down himself?" I wondered. "Surely the man who invented that remarkable diving dress ought to have sufficient faith in it to put it on!"

There's a Reason.

Do you know, I always feel sad at weddings?

Well, they are generally occasions for misgivings, aren't they?—Ideas.

The Daily Short Story

Will be found on Page Nine

The Story Lady

Grandpa bought an old field, plowed it, squared it up and fenced it. When he got through there was a fascinating little place of plowed ground at the corner between the fence and the road. Peter called it his farm and named it Roadside Ranch, after Aunt Grace's suggestion and at last offered to buy it from his grandfather for a dollar.

"No," said Grandpa. "I can't sell it to you for when the road is straightened up it will run right through your farm. In fact, you won't have any farm left, but I'll tell you what I'll do, I'll rent it to you. How do you want to rent it, cash rent or do you want to share the crop?"

"What's the difference?" asked Peter.

"Well, if you give me a certain sum of money say about 15 cents, that's cash rent, but if I furnish the seed and you do all the work and you give me half the crop when it is harvested

then you share crop it."

"I'll share crop it," decided Peter. So the next morning Peter worked long and faithfully raking his farm. After dinner he made some funny crooked rows and grandpa gave him a little sack of purple and white June corn.

Peter decided to plant all the corn and then cover it up. Just as he had the last kernel planted he heard a noise and looked around. Old Talker and her big bunch of half grown chickens were gobbling the corn as fast as they could. Peter was too tired

to go after more corn so he scared the chickens away and covered the corn that was left and went to supper.

Ten stalks of corn came up and Peter tended them carefully. But an ugly old cut worm got four of them in spite of all Peter could do.

Then one night when the corn was about three feet high, old Barney, the big red cow got out and harvested the crop on Roadside Ranch.

Peter surveyed his farm sadly the next morning. Then he brightened up.

"Well, any way I'm glad I didn't

pay cash rent for that place, grandpa."

Helen Carpenter Moore.

A SMASH UP

Sometimes accidents will happen to the most careful motor car drivers—but no matter how serious the damage we are prepared to do the repair work. Our plant is modern, we employ master machinists only, who are experts in this particular business. You pay for what you get and you get what you pay for—understand? Liberty Garage Company, Merchant St. Phone 590.

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(IT MUST BE A PROHIBITION BATHING HAT)—BY ALLMAN.

